

# Millennial Star

December, 1950



'Twas the night before Christmas,  
And all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring . . .

## About The Cover

**T**HE night before Christmas! What magic there is in those words for children.

They mean that sometime during the hours ahead, preferably at midnight, a wonderful thing is going to happen—Santa Claus is coming right to their house—in person!—and leave all sorts of nice gifts for them. At least they **hope** he is. Perhaps he's forgotten them once—or was it twice?—that they weren't very good children. In fact, they were very bad. It's best not to think of it, they decide. But they can't help it. It's a little like the night before judgment day.

Sometimes it is much easier to go to bed early. Time passes quickly when you're asleep. But if you can't sleep, it's worse than ever, and no child ever can on Christmas eve. The bedclothes get all tangled up between his legs. He gets terribly, **terribly** thirsty . . . and hungry too. There's just the faintest odour of the wonderful things mother's been cooking all day, but it's enough to make his stomach growl, especially when he thinks about it.

He wonders if his visiting cousin who is sleeping in another room is awake too . . . and what about the girls across the hall?

"Hey! You awake?"

"Yes," they reply. "Are you?"

At any other time that would impress him as a silly question, but not Christmas Eve. It's nice to have fellow sufferers, even if they are only **girls**.

"What time is it?"

"Night time." The girls giggle. **They** thought that was **funny!**

Dad calls out and tells them to go to sleep. He tries. Sometimes he does, but when he wakes up, it doesn't seem that any time has passed at all. Won't day ever come? . . .

Yes, there's magic in Christmas Eve for children—and in Christmas Day too.

But what about those of us who watch the children? We're older, wiser, and more mature. We know more of the facts about Christmas. We know the work involved and the expense! We do it all because of the children, and the magic they enjoy so much. But let's confess there's just as much magic for us too. There's just as much expectancy and just as much anxiety in us for morning to come as in them.

Maybe more.



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## ... Born This Day

### BIBLE

26. And in the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth,

27. To a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary.

28. And the angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women.

31. And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name JESUS.

32. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David:

33. And he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end.

Luke 1.

1. And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

3. And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

4. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; . . .

5. To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

6. And so it was, that while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

7. And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

Luke 2.

### BOOK OF MORMON

14. And it came to pass that I saw the heavens open; and an angel came down and stood before me; and he said unto me: Nephi, what beholdest thou?

15. And I said unto him: A virgin, most beautiful and fair above all other virgins.

18. And he said unto me: Behold, the virgin whom thou seest is the mother of the Son of God, after the manner of the flesh.

19. And it came to pass that I beheld that she was carried away in the Spirit; and after she had been carried away in the Spirit for the space of a time the angel spake unto me, saying: Look!

20. And I looked and beheld the virgin again, bearing a child in her arms.

21. And the angel said unto me: Behold the Lamb of God, yea, even the Son of the Eternal Father!

1 Nephi 11.

12. And it came to pass that he cried mightily unto the Lord, all the day; and behold, the voice of the Lord came unto him, saying:

13. Lift up your head and be of good cheer; for behold, the time is at hand, and on this night shall the sign be given, and on the morrow come I into the world, to show unto the world that I will fulfil all that which I have caused to be spoken by the mouth of my holy prophets.

19. And it came to pass that there was no darkness in all that night, but it was as light as though it was mid-day. And it came to pass that the sun did rise in the morning again, according to its proper order; and they knew that it was the day that Lord should be born, because of the sign which had been given.

20. And it had come to pass, yea, all things, every whit, according to the words of the prophets.

21. And it came to pass also that a new star did appear, according to the word.

3 Nephi 1.





15. And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

16. And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

17. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning the child.

18. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

19. But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

Luke 2.

# Jesus Christ, The World Leader

By ALMA SONNE

Assistant to the Council of the  
Twelve

★



**J**ESUS made a bid for world leadership. He proved His Messiahship by what He said and what He did. He declared that His gospel should be preached to all nations and His apostles were commissioned to go into all the world. To the eleven whom He summoned to meet Him at a mountain in Galilee, He said, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." (Matt. 28: 19-20.)

The highest hope that can come to humanity lies in the realisation that Christ's leadership eventually will be accepted and His gospel introduced into the daily affairs of men and nations. Jesus, alone, of all those who have aspired to prominence and power, submitted a plan for the redemption of mankind based on love and friendliness. Love was the controlling impulse of His life. His God-given power was exercised to bless and benefit others. It extended to those whose lives were hopeless and helpless.

Christ's words were full of inspiration and encouragement. Who can read the Sermon on the Mount without

getting a new slant on the purpose and meaning of life? Who can fail to see its comprehensiveness and its universal application? It has been called a constitution for the human race. Many people have accepted the great Sermon theoretically, but have refused to consider its practical application. Its value is greatly diminished unless its sublime teachings can be introduced into every day living. This was emphasised by the Saviour in His story about the two houses, one of which was built on a rock and the other on the sand. It was a warning against the folly of precept without practice. One must not only know the Truth but one also must live the Truth in order to come under its benefits. Jesus made this very plain when He said: "And everyone that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it." (Matt. 7: 26 and 27.)

Regardless of creeds and teachings to the contrary, Jesus taught individual responsibility. The man with the one talent, referred to by Him, did not deem human life worth a struggle and so he hid his talent in the earth. The doctrine that man can attain exaltation without effort is unscriprural and assumes that life hereafter signifies repose and inactivity where eternal bliss is guaranteed regardless of worthiness and fitness. Conduct is a determining factor in achieving the recognition promised to the faithful and man's individual endowments are gifts to be developed.

Jesus called upon men to be perfect. His standards were high, His requirements specific and His character flaw-



less. He was thus qualified to speak authoritatively, for His example was always in harmony with His teachings. He was as great as the gospel He preached. Never did He deviate from the high road on which He travelled and on which He admonished his followers to travel. Selfishness, hatred and vindictiveness had no place in His life and in the far-reaching programme outlined under His plan. He stands alone without a parallel in His claims for world leadership. There is no one with whom He can be compared. He has no counterpart among the many who have undertaken to direct human thinking on a world-wide scale.

With characteristic regard for others, the Saviour instructed His disciples to: "Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged . . ." (Matt. 7:1-2.) Man is a responsible being charged with solemn duties and capable of great achievements, but he is not wise enough to pass judgment on his fellowmen. As a wise leader, Jesus realised this and advocated instead a deep and abiding compassion for all as a means of stabilising human relationships. He did not permit His doctrines and plan to be minimised nor side tracked by the ambitions of man. The Kingdom which He set out to establish must have first consideration from those who wished to follow Him. He demanded a loyalty beyond that required by others who have aspired to leadership. Who, but Jesus, could have answered a prospective follower with words so drastic and uncompromising as the following? "And he said unto another, Follow me. But he said, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father. Jesus said unto him, Let the dead bury their dead: but go thou and preach the kingdom of God. And another also said, Lord, I will follow thee; but let me first go bid them farewell, which are at home at my house. And Jesus said unto him, No man having put his hand to the plough and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." (Luke 9: 59-62.)

But the Master goes still further in demanding steadfastness and loyalty from those who are seeking a place in

His kingdom: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me." (Matt. 10: 37.) Why does the Master require such unprecedented loyalty? Is it not because His gospel is the one remaining hope in a world torn asunder by strife, contention and ill-will? These seemingly harsh requirements are in perfect harmony with His admonition to seek first the Kingdom of God. Nothing is more important, and no movement however great can replace the plan to save



humanity from ruin and failure. His gospel, therefore, must be paramount in the lives of those who accept it, for its purpose is the regeneration of the human family. It supplies a sound basis for right living. His demands, however, are in no sense dictatorial for compulsion has no place in the plan to redeem the world. Freedom of choice is the keynote in the divine message for "God will force no man to heaven."

Jesus exemplified the same quality of leadership in His meeting with the rich young ruler whose great possessions barred him from a full measure

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## A Christmas Thought

**T**O all the missionaries and saints in the United Kingdom, we send greetings. As Christmas time approaches our hearts are naturally filled with love for all of you. There's something about the birth of Christ, that gives us thoughts of sublime joy. When we think of that generous act on the part of our Father in Heaven in being willing to part with His Only Begotten Son in the flesh in order that He might come down and live among His fellowmen and finally be crucified for the sins of the world, we naturally feel a great sense of gratitude to Him.

To halfway realise the importance of His birth and the far-reaching effect of His life upon us, we must contemplate the fact that He was to lead the exemplary life, the following of which would give us joy and happiness here, and that He was to show us the way back to our Father in the Kingdom of Heaven. When you think about it, does it not seem to you that everything that is worthwhile in this life and everything pertaining to the eternal life to follow is centered around the beloved Master, Jesus Christ?

To us as Latter-day Saints it should mean more than it does to any other group of people, chiefly because of the revelations in the restored Gospel. How eternally grateful we should all

be that the Father should introduce His Son to the boy prophet, Joseph Smith, in these the latter days. How humbly appreciative we should be that we have been made partakers of the Gospel restored through that prophet and have become members of the Church organised under the inspiration of Christ—the only Church that bears His name.

It is no wonder that when our beloved Father knew the significance of His Son's introduction into the world and the extent of His Gospel Message to the people that He should send His angels to announce the birth with the immortal greetings, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Yes, we shall all rejoice again, appropriately celebrate the anniversary of His birth, and extend greetings to each other during this time of year. But an even more effective way of showing gratitude to our Father in Heaven for His kindnesses to us during the entire year would be to resolve within ourselves that we shall live our lives, conduct our behaviour, and never get so far from Him but what we can reach Him with a short prayer, and serve Him in accordance with the exemplary life and teachings of His Son and our elder brother, Jesus Christ.



## A Christmas Custom

By ELDER RICHARD L. POPE

**C**HRISTMAS just wouldn't be Christmas anymore without the friendly sending and receiving of Christmas Cards. It is by far the most popular and universal custom in the world today; yet, only a century ago, no one had even heard of a Christmas Card—let alone seen one.

In the early days of America the staunch Puritans had forbidden people to celebrate Christmas; even here in England the old-time festivities of assembled friends around the yule log and wassail bowl had been suppressed.

Then suddenly in the nineteenth century—due to such lines of Tennyson's as "all the old honour had from Christmas gone or dwindled down to some odd games" and Lamb's "Old Christmas is coming . . . not with his wonted gait, he is shrunk nine inches in the girth, but he is yet a lusty fellow," and the nostalgic Christmas writings of America's Washington Irving and Britain's Charles Dickens—a revival of the Yuletide festivities began to take place.

It was in 1846, the beginning of the Christmas Renaissance, that the first Christmas Card was born. Felix Summerly's Treasure House in Bond Street, London, offered the first thousand cards for sale that year. Their reception wasn't very enthusiastic however, and so no more were printed here in England until 1863. Abroad the idea met with some success in Germany and France, but it wasn't until the settlers of Western America adopted the card, that the famed custom was really instigated. The pioneers, not having the money for lavish remembrances or gifts, spread the idea of the printed Christmas message rapidly.

Those early cards were mostly in postcard form, later evolving into the counterpart of the then highly popular Victorian valentine. It wasn't until the turn of the century the Z.C.M.I.—the world's first department store—could offer their patrons the conventional cards decorated with the well-loved symbols of Christmas—holly, madonnas, Santa, etc. Today our cards have outgrown the gaudy and oft-times tasteless qualities of their adolescence, and truly symbolise the real meaning of Christmas. Millions of these goodwill greetings flood our post-office system annually; are they worth the extra work and effort they entail? Certainly they are!

Today we carry on this inexpensive and thoughtful way to assure our associates of our warm friendship, and to express our gratitude for Christ's birth and mission on earth, by remembrance and love.

So this year, as we Latter-day Saints the world over arrange our cards in festive displays on mantels, tie them among the branches of the family Christmas tree, or stack them on a convenient table, let's recall and meditate on the real purpose and significance of this relatively new pioneer-fostered Old-Christmas-Custom.

# And A Little Child Shall Lead Them

(Isaiah 11: 6)

By MARTIN C. NALDER

★

MARCUS stood up suddenly, aware that someone was watching him, and throwing back his broad shoulders, turned quickly, demanding before he saw who it was, "What do you want?"

A shepherd boy stood in front of him looking both confused and frightened. He was trying to decide if he should bow and address this Roman officer as "Master" or "Sir" when the soldier spoke again, and his strong, deep voice seemed to bounce from the rocks on all sides of the boy, making the man even more impressive than he was already.

"Well?"

"Please you, Sir," the boy began quietly, "I'm looking for one of my lambs that's lost."

"It obviously isn't here," Marcus snapped.

"No, Sir."

The boy didn't move. He just stood twisting a piece of his ragged animal skin covering in his hands and looking at the ground. Marcus was embarrassed and this feeling served to make him more angry. He realised that he had been seen by a dirty Jewish shepherd boy lying in the sun by the banks of a clear stream with his breastplate and helmet off and his sword out of the immediate reach of his hand. That didn't help Jewish discipline. These people must learn to believe that Roman officers never relaxed. They must learn to fear and obey their conquerors.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" Marcus asked angrily.

"I was thinking it might be over in the rocks there." The boy nodded to the area behind Marcus. "My lamb, I mean. It could be stuck so that it can't get out." The shepherd boy watched the officer's face, waiting for some visible sign of his reaction to the suggestion.

"I would have seen it," Marcus said definitely. "It could not have reached

there otherwise."

"No, Sir," the boy agreed, "but maybe I could just look . . ."

He started to run in that direction, but Marcus blared out, "No!" and lifting his arm, struck the boy across the face with the back of his hand, knocking him violently to the ground where he lay for a moment too stunned to move. The whole inside of his head seemed to be spinning around in circles, but he did his best to keep his eyes on the Roman. He didn't get up. He knew he wouldn't be able to balance just yet; he felt too dizzy.

Marcus didn't move either. He just stood almost as if he had been frozen to the spot, and his eyes never left the boy. He saw two streams of blood begin at the edges of his mouth and move slowly down both sides of his chin. There was a heavier flow from his nose, but he didn't seem to notice it. Then Marcus saw the boy's eyes move momentarily from watching his face to look at the Roman's arm hanging at his side, and for the first time he realised that he had been standing there opening and closing his hand unconsciously. He became aware of his powerful arm muscles contracting as his hand closed into a fist. Then for a moment as he watched the boy, who couldn't have been much over eight years old, he felt ashamed as he realised the force of his blow, but the feeling quickly changed into a recognition of his authority, and he commanded, "Now get out of here." He turned and walked over to where he had laid his sword.

He heard the boy splashing the cool stream water on his face, but this was followed by no sounds of any other movement. Finally he turned to him again furiously, and as he did, he heard the bleating of a lamb in the rocks behind him. The boy heard it too.

Marcus stood stiffly for a minute,

then picking up his equipment, he strode out of the rock-bound area. Behind him he heard the boy scrambling anxiously towards the rocks where the animal was trapped.

Just as Marcus had saddled his horse, mounted, and was ready to ride off, the boy re-appeared from the rocks and ran over to him.

"Please, Sir, the lamb is trapped too tight," he said. "I can't get him out alone. Will you . . . will you come and help me?"

As the soldier looked down at the boy, he saw the blood now clotting on his upturned face, and he wanted to go and get the lamb out for him, but instead, he struck his horse sharply on the flanks and rode off in the direction of Jerusalem.

He didn't look back.

★ ★ ★

The roads became more and more crowded with Jews as Marcus rode closer to the city until finally they were impassable. These people were all obeying the decree of Caesar Augustus by coming to the city of their birth to be registered and taxed. Most of them were on foot, carrying what few belongings they had brought with them on their tired, stooped backs, and in their eagerness to reach the city and to rest, they jammed in upon each other until a human barricade had resulted which moved very slowly towards its goal.

But Marcus was in a hurry, and turning his horse off the road, he skirted the mass of crawling humanity and galloped up to the city wall where he yelled a powerful and commanding "Make way!" and whipping his horse, rode into the crowd, through the gate and into Jerusalem, ignoring completely the people who stumbled, fell, and were pushed as he forced a gap in their line.

He was angry, and yet he didn't know why. Maybe, he thought as he dismounted, it was this depressing country with these impossible Jews and their equally repulsive religious ideas. Maybe it was because his attempt

to get away, relax, and try to calm his dissatisfaction that day had only resulted in his striking a defenceless Jewish shepherd boy. But he shouldn't be worth a second thought, Marcus reasoned. Jerusalem and the area surrounding it had hundreds of such boys who were so numerous that they could be hired for a pittance, beaten, and overworked without anyone caring much. Maybe he was angry because he couldn't find inner satisfaction no matter what he did. He had a fine position and no obligations to anyone but himself, and yet he felt as if he was looking for something that he couldn't find—something which always remained just out of his reach. Marcus was a fighter and always had been, but it seemed to him that he was losing a very important combat with life, and he didn't know what to do about it.

It was almost dusk when he finally left his office and climbed the stairs which led to the top of the city wall. As he looked down, he could see the people still cramming their way through the gate just to his right, and as far as the rapidly dimming light would permit him to see, they were still coming in as great numbers as ever. His eyes fell on a woman, riding on a donkey along the road to Bethlehem which ran by the side of the wall. She was looking up at him, and in the light of one of the newly lit torches hanging near the gate, Marcus saw that she was rather lovely. He knew she must be extremely tired—the man who led the donkey showed by his shuffling walk that they had travelled many miles—but her face betrayed no feeling except a calmness for which Marcus envied her. Then momentarily it was crossed suddenly by pain, but as they passed beneath where he stood, she looked up, and in her deep brown eyes, Marcus saw even more definitely that same calmness he had observed in her face.

For some reason as he watched her ride by, he thought of the shepherd boy and wondered if he had been able to free his lamb . . .

It was getting rather cold when Rosh  
—continued on page 348



# Christmas Carols

By J. SPENCER CORNWALL

Director of the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir

As fits the holy Christmas birth,  
Be this, good friends, our carol still—  
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,  
To men of gentle will.

—THACKERAY.



CHRISTMAS carols, as we sing them today, are the product of many influences—some pagan, some Christian, and some from mythology.

The exact origin of carols and carol singing is somewhat obscure; but the custom of celebrating Christmas with songs, according to some historians, was introduced as early as A.D. 129. The word *carol* comes from the Italian word *carolare*, which was a ring dance accompanied by singing. Thus it was that the singing of carols was first associated with festive occasions. Prior to the birth of the Saviour, the pagan Romans, Gauls, Teutons, and Britons observed what was known as a "yule" festival, which was held during December, around the time of the shortest day of the year when the sun seemed to stand still before beginning its upward climb which ultimately resulted in spring. These celebrations, with their singing and dancing, which marked the beginning of the new year and the coming of light into the world, evidently had much to do with the selection of the date of Christmas, because in the year A.D. 336, St. Chrysostom, Bishop of Constantinople, said that this date, December 25th, would be used to celebrate the birthday of Christ, the "Sun of Righteousness," to offset the profane ceremonies of the pagans. Prior to this time Christmas had been celebrated in January in some places, April in others, and May in others. Gradually, however, the pagan songs were assimilated into the Christmas celebrations, and finally the preponderance of gaiety and frivolity bid fare to overshadow the religious aspects of Christmas. The church, especially in England, became alarmed and issued

a series of repressive decrees against the type of Christmas festivities which were extant. While this action had a tendency to subdue and curtail unseemingly actions during the Christmas period, singing by the people of certain types of light, joyous songs persisted until the time of St. Augustine of England, who tried the policy of substitution rather than prohibition, by declaring, "If they must have songs, let them sing the music of the church." Thus we have two of the chief influences which characterized carols and carol singing at the early Christmas celebrations.

A third factor in the creation of carols can easily be traced. The early Christian Church had no music of its own and consequently was forced to look to outside sources to find what it could adapt for its people to sing. The ancient plain songs of the Jews and the Latin pre-Christian hymns seemed to be the only available sources. Latin, however, was fast giving way to vernacular, especially in English-speaking countries. Consequently, the music was used, but the text was rewritten. As the carol singing became, by decree, more religious in character, it developed into a sort of mixture of the secular of the pagan and the Latin hymns and plain songs of the church. Many present-day carols retain traces of these characteristics, as for example: "Come, O Come Emmanuel" is a plain song; and "Angels we have heard on High," one of the most ancient of carols, has in it a Latin phrase, "Gloria in excelsis Deo."

St. Francis of Assisi, in 1223, built a play around the Nativity scene, in which he used living people and ani-

mals. This form of Christmas celebration spread throughout Europe, and gave rise to what was termed the Mystery Play. He adapted or composed songs in the vernacular, which the people could sing. In this wise he made the Christmas understandable and important to the common people, and in a way made the celebration of Christmas the people's very own.

Notwithstanding these attempts to spiritualise the celebration of Christ's birthday, the Puritans of England, early in the seventeenth century, abolished all Christmas festivities because they were so filled with pagan influences. In spite of this edict, which persisted for two centuries, Christmas carols were preserved as folk songs by the people.

to another by word of mouth.

During the past century much work has been done in research to ferret out the old carols, reharmonise them or rearrange them, or make an honest attempt to present them in their original, pristine beauty. Publishing houses now are repleat with wonderful collections of carols which have been preserved throughout the centuries. It must be noted, also, that writers and composers of the past century have been successful in creating some popular Christmas carols by imitating medieval styles. Such an one is our American carol, "O Little Town of Bethlehem," written by Phillips Brooks, bishop of Massachusetts, and Lewis H. Redner, a composer of the period. Not to be set aside in this same category



It is this latter fact which makes carols and carol singing so significant to us. They belong to the people and not to any aristocracy—musical or otherwise. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, therefore, produced few Christmas carols; but as the old saying teaches us, "If you want to preserve any good thing, place it in the hearts of the people;" and so it was that the carols persisted even though they had to be transmitted from one generation

is the Latter-day Saint carol, "Far, Far Away on Judea's Plains," written by our own James Macfarlane.

Carols may be classified under several different headings, as for example there are a few carols of Prophecy, of which "O Come, O Come, Emmanuel" is perhaps the best known. Then there are the carols of the Nativity, such as "God Rest you Merry, Gentlemen;" and in this class also the many beautiful

—continued on page 347

# I Remember Christmas

By ORA PATE STEWART

Time ago, on an Indian Summer night,  
When the harvest was put away,  
And children were snuggled in feather beds  
At the close of a busy day—  
Then Father would sit at the open hearth  
And fashion with knife and scroll  
A hobby horse, or a sturdy sled,  
Or maybe a wooden doll—  
While Mother maneuvered the "crochey hook,"  
Or schemed with the calico—  
And fascinators and pinafores  
Danced polkas in a row.

It isn't that world economy  
Has untethered his silver wings—  
But that, atticked away in a cob-webbed age  
Lies the pleasure of making things.

—"Old Fashioned Christmas"  
from GLEANINGS.



NO other holiday in America is looked forward to, or looked back upon, with such joy and good feeling as Christmas. There seems to be, for most of us, enough cheer in the Christmas Spirit, enough warmth in the yule log, to cast a glow throughout the year—and sometimes years. And as I look back, the glow that has cast the longest ray is the goodness that Christmas brings out in people. The ingenuity and resourcefulness of people who have tried to make the holiday a special one for someone else blossom afresh every year. Perhaps it is not so noticeable now that the merchants have hitched their wagons to the silver star that they have hoisted in the place of the Star of Bethlehem; yet in a way, this situation only adds to the challenge. It now takes more resourcefulness to send an original message, to give a sincere gift, than it did before the stores became so helpful. Yet every year, in many places, the true Spirit finds a way to penetrate this commercialism and lead us toward the Babe in the Manger; and we come away from Christmas feeling the exalted blessedness of what His gift has done for us and for all. The gifts of the Magi from the east were small indeed

compared to His gift that they carried back. But they knew this; they were not merchants who came to trade; and gifts were never meant to be compared.

A few years ago my five-year-old son remarked, as we were walking home from the last of a series of pageants, "When I get old and rich I'm going to buy a crib for the Little Lord Jesus, so He won't have to sleep on the hay every year."

At first I thought what a blow that would be to pageantry. But on second thought I understood that that was one small boy's gift—he wanted the Little Lord Jesus to have the same comforts and convenience that he knew. That he wanted to buy, instead of to make or divide, was a product of his generation. He wanted to share. The pageant had been a success.

As I look back on Christmas it was not the Brazil nut in the bottom of the sock nor the orange in the top—both in these times only once-a-year delicacies—that left the most lasting delight; it was the small unnoticed, unpracticed lesson of Christmas.

One year, when I couldn't have been more than three, my father had carved a somewhat human-appearing doll head from a section of a wooden



rail-road tie, to which my mother had anchored a sturdy blue denim body. It was ever so practical, and I was as delighted as ever a child could be. It never even entered my head that I was mothering a "blue baby." But when the neighbour who brought the butter came to get the eggs, I overheard her ask:

"But why in the world did you make it out of overall cloth? I could have given you a scrap of calico."

"O I had a sugar sack I could have used," my mother answered; "but denim is so much more durable. It lasts for ever. There is nothing so sturdy as overall."

The very next Sunday when we went to church the first song was "Do not be discouraged, God is over all." That was encouragement to last me for years. God was someone you could depend upon. He was durable. He was sturdy. He would last for ever. He was over all.

The home made Christmases were wonderful, but they were not without their peculiar problems. When I was about four to ten the mail-order houses put celluloid doll heads in their catalogues, which Santa's rural helpers sewed to home-fashioned muslin torsos. Such a doll, with good luck and not too many smaller brothers and sisters,

was expected to last about two years. But the head sometimes survived the body, or vice versa; and this is what caused the problem. About a week before Christmas the doll would mysteriously disappear. I never could tell until Christmas morning what to expect, a new celluloid head, or a new muslin body. Sometimes a new and strange celluloid face peered down at me from the Christmas tree; and sometimes an angular, unfamiliar body dangled down from a well-loved head, replacing the old curvacious and cuddly one I had snuggled. This necessitated re-naming the doll—the only other alternative being to go through the year cherishing this little split personality.

And speaking of Christmas trees—my father would hitch up the sleigh, load up the family, and drive up in the hills to the logging range, where we would select a tree that could be spared, and a dead log for the fireplace, and a few pine cones to string above the mantel. We would come back red-cheeked, sprinkled with snow, and smelling of pine boughs and cedar bark. (The next summer he would hitch up the wagon and take us back, where we must ceremoniously plant two trees. "Never cut down a tree," my father would say, "unless you plant

—continued on page 352



## A Family Christmas

**L**ITTLE rhymes and carols that float in chorus from clear young throats, sometimes through the back door and sometimes through the front, remind us with a start that once again Christmas is only a few weeks away.

Christmas always seems to creep up on us unawares in spite of the hopeful little notes from the younger generation that ascend heavenward up the sooted chimney addressed, "Dear Santa."

Then Papa scratches his head and ruminates on the financial obligations of this festive season, and Mama starts searching in the recesses of her cupboard to bring out the little "extras" she has thoughtfully put away for the purpose of the "Interior Decorating" of the family.

Was ever a season of the year looked forward to more by the children? Christmas and summer holidays are close favourites with them, "Only at summer holidays we don't get presents!" And we were just the same when we were young—just couldn't possibly wait to see what Santa had brought. I remember my parents had the custom of laying all of our presents at the foot of our beds, and I will never forget the grand feeling of anticipation when we awoke in the early hours of the morning to wiggle our toes so we could hear the exciting rustlings of paper wrappings. Needless to say there was no more sleep for the rest of the household from then on.

Although the major part of the Christmas preparations fall on Mama, she generally manages to bring all the family in to share the happy spirit. There's the making of the Christmas Puddings—quite an undertaking preparing all the dried fruits, peel, etc. Then when it is all mixed in the big earthenware bowl, each member of the family from the youngest to the eldest must come with a wooden spoon and stir labouriously while making a silent wish. And what merriment it causes

By RHONA L. CUNNINGHAM

★

trying to guess each other's wish! Sometimes if Mama has been lucky enough to collect some of those rare little silver threepenny pieces, she will pop one or two into each pudding, or perhaps she'll use some other silver trinkets. And I don't think children change from one generation to another. They'll always do the same as we used to, watching with breathless interest as Mama cuts the slices of pudding to catch the slightest glimpse of silver, and many a portion will be begged if



the first does not yield a threepenny piece.

And oh! the mincepies Mama will bake—the jellies, the blancmanges, the Christmas cake! How we all enjoy watching everything that goes into that rich fruity cake, perhaps not so rich as the traditional Mrs. Beaton's, but rich enough. The almond icing, the white icing, and especially interesting are the finishing touches—perhaps a tiny fir tree and a sleighing party, or a red-coated Father Christmas with a heavily loaded sack. Then the final touch, a handsome paper ruffle or ribbon bow tied around it. A thing of beauty (according to skill of course) but no matter how it turns out, its undeniable place is in the centre of the table.

Christmas Eve:

"It is getting late my poppets. You

really must be off to bed. Are all the stockings hung up by the chimney?"

Papa and Mama get to bed hours later after spending half the night decorating the Christmas tree and wrapping and labelling the presents. Papa and Mama are much wiser than their parents were, and they put all the presents in a locked room except for the oranges, nuts, and sweets which the stockings will hold, and not until every little one is washed and dressed and has eaten a proper breakfast do they unlock the door. Of course, another reason for all this is that they wouldn't miss the opening ceremony for the world.

Everybody files into the room: Grandma, Grandpa, and all the children. There's a present for everybody. How we all laugh as Papa unfolds a tie that is the exact replica of one Aunt Ellen bought him last year. How pleased Grandma looks with her embroidered hankies. How glad and surprised Mama is with the fine silver necklace Papa has placed in her hands.

Back we go to the friendly kitchen, taking our gifts in grand procession. Mama must start her dinner, the children want to play with their new toys or colour the lovely flowers in their painting books, and Papa—well, one wonders if there was an ulterior motive in his suggestion that Johnny might like a new toy speed boat. In spite of Mama agitating to get to the kitchen sink, Papa must try out the boat "to make sure it works all right." Every attempt by Johnny to secure his treasure is met with "Just a moment. Papa will show you how it works!"

What delicious smells begin escaping from the oven where the turkey, goose, chicken, or rabbit is being done to a turn. Mama gets a little flustered sometimes, and everyone, including the cat, gets under her feet. Then when all sit down to dinner, we secretly wish we had a bigger appetite when we see all the good things to eat and regretfully have to refuse another helping of the rich, dark pudding which came to the table smoking hot and bedecked with a sprig of holly.

When the dishes have been done and Mama has restored order, Papa gets out the big family Bible and in his quiet, masculine voice he reads us that sweet old story of the shepherds' journey to Bethlehem in search of the wee baby Jesus, of how they found him in a lowly manger where even the lowing of the cattle was subdued as Mary lay cradling her precious bundle—where all was peace and joy. And some of that beautiful spirit that permeated that stable many years ago creeps around us in our bright, warm kitchen and makes our tongues silent and our hearts softened in remembrance of the first Christmas. Our thoughts reach out to our near ones, our dear ones, and the light of love shines more brightly in our eyes.

As Papa slowly closes the Bible, we feel how nearly we might have lost the real spirit of Christmas if he had forgotten to draw us around him in this one quiet hour.

Someone suggests a five mile walk, but it usually peters down to twice round the block. If it has been snowing, the world outside is like a fairyland of crystal feathers, and we almost expect a coach and sprightly horses to come dashing around the corner with a jolly Pickwickian fellow aloft blowing his bugle to announce his arrival. Why not go to the top of the hill, someone suggests, and take the sledge and toboggan along so that we can slide down. The Christmas pudding ought to give us decided impetus on the slope. We all scramble on at the top, and with a push, away we go—dashing past the gaily lit Christmas trees which stand in each window. And again we must do it—and again.

Although Mama prepares a lovely tea, most admit before they sit down that it is a lost cause. Some struggle valiantly through fruit and cream, jelly, mincepies and the

—continued on page 341





# EDITORIAL

## Biography

A MAN . . .

. . . Who was born in humble surroundings, of sturdy New England stock, into a family which loved him, trusted him, and followed him.

. . . Worried by the religious confusion of his age, who sought counsel of God and received an answer from Him personally.

. . . Who walked by faith in God and the calling he had been given throughout all the days of his life.

. . . Who manifested only love for his fellow men and received in return hatred, reviling, persecution, and death.

. . . Who tried to share with all men the most precious gift in the world—the true and everlasting Gospel of Jesus Christ—but found that they would not accept it because they could not realise its worth.

. . . Who inspired faith in the thousands of people who followed him, finding happiness from the knowledge they had gained of the things of God even when they were called upon to bury those most precious to them in unmarked desert graves as they wearily suffered hardships, privations, and want seeking a place to worship their Father as they knew they should.

. . . Who stated that his name would be known for good and evil throughout the world and lived to see his prophecy fulfilled.

. . . Who loved life with every fibre of his being but gave it up willingly that generations to come might know that he spoke Truth and that he knew there was no happiness in this world or the world to come without it.

. . . Who was a prophet of God, in whom all the keys were gathered for the dispensation of the Fullness of Times, and who sealed his testimony of the divinity of his work with his blood.

. . . Who did more than any other man since Jesus Christ to benefit mankind.

THE MAN—Joseph Smith, Junior, first prophet, seer, and revelator of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Among men, one of the greatest; among the children of God, a chosen son.—MARTIN C. NALDER.

Born December 23rd, 1805.

Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont.

Died June 27th, 1844.

Carthage, Illinois.

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“Yea, let all those take their journey, as I have commanded them, going from house to house, and from village to village, and from city to city, and in whatsoever house ye enter, and they receive you, leave your blessing upon that house.” (D. & C. 75 : 18, 19)





# MISSION PRESIDENCY

**STAYNER RICHARDS**  
President of  
the British Mission.

**JANE T. RICHARDS**  
President of the  
British Mission Relief Society.

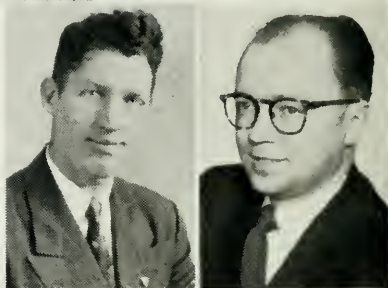


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British Mission Presidency.

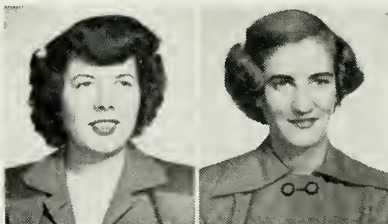
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**BRIGHAM D. GARDNER**  
2nd Counsellor  
British Mission Presidency.

**GRANT BETHERS**  
British Mission Secretary.

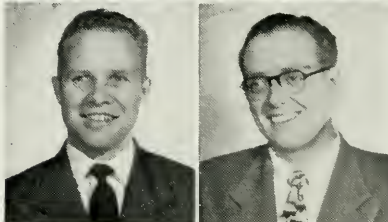


**EVA COLLARD**  
Idaho Falls, Idaho.  
Secretary to the President.



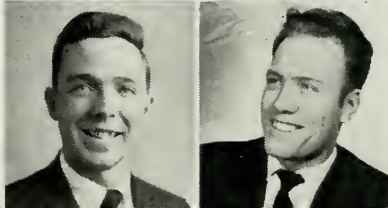
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Mission Recorder.

**DAVID E. GLEDHILL**  
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Literature Department.



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Millennial Star

**RUSSELL C. ROBERTSON**  
Wilmington, California.  
Special Representative of the  
Mission Presidency.



**DAVID H. SIMISTER**  
San Francisco, California.  
Mission Accountant.



Wherefore, you are called . . .

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Salt Lake City, Utah.

**DON FRANK DARLEY**  
Wellsville, Utah.



**ARTHUR C. DAY**  
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**DOROTHY HORROCKS**  
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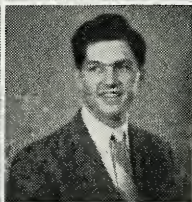
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Salt Lake City, Utah.



**NORMA WEIGHT**  
Springville, Utah.

**RICHARD L. WRIGHT**  
Salt Lake City, Utah.



to cry repentance unto this people.

# Bristol



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Tooele, Utah.

**CHARLES T. BRADBURY**  
Brigham City, Utah.

**EDWARD C. CAHOON**  
Leavitt, Alberta, Canada.



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**HAROLD P. McEWAN**  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

**GEORGE L. MITTON**  
Logan, Utah.



**ROBERT L. WOLZ**  
Rigby, Idaho.



And if it so be that you should labour . . .

## Hull



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Preston, Idaho.

**CLAUDE DEWSNUP**  
Oakland, California.

**ROBERT H. HALES**  
Provo, Utah.

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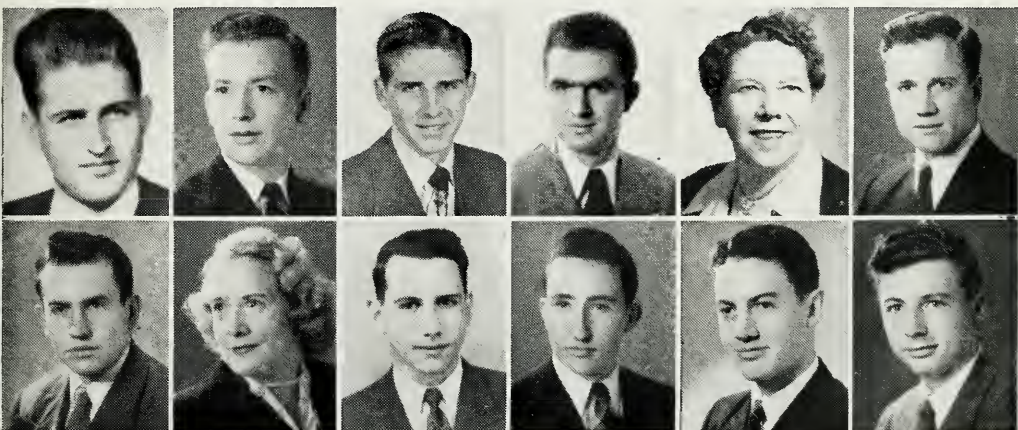
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Salt Lake City, Utah.

**JAMES B. HILL**  
Cove, Oregon.

**GEORGE C. SCOTT**  
Portland, Oregon.



*all your days in crying repentance unto this people,*

## Leeds



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Flint, Michigan.

**ELTON L. HARMON**  
Idaho Falls, Idaho.

**JAMES E. HOOK**  
Salt Lake City, Utah.



**FRANK E. JACOBSEN**  
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**ROBERT W. SMITH**  
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**BURTON E. TEW**  
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**DEAN BRADSHAW**  
Tremonton, Utah.



**JAY V. CHRISTENSEN**  
Inglewood, California.



**ZELDA CUTHBERT**  
Brigham City, Utah.



**JUSTIN B. GREEN**  
Logan, Utah.

and bring, save it be one soul unto me,

# Liverpool



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Logan, Utah.

**JAMES C. HAMILTON**  
Mesa, Arizona.

**HARLAN HAMMOND**  
Salt Lake City, Utah.



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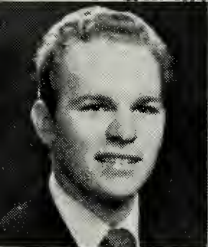
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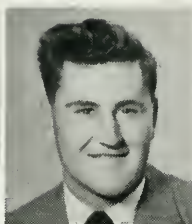


how great shall be your joy with him . . .

# London



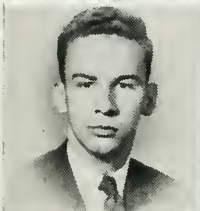
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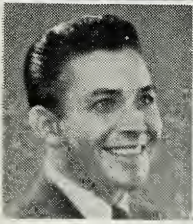
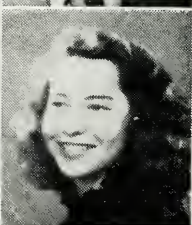
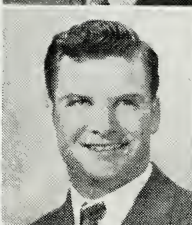
**EDWARD H. SOUTHWICK**  
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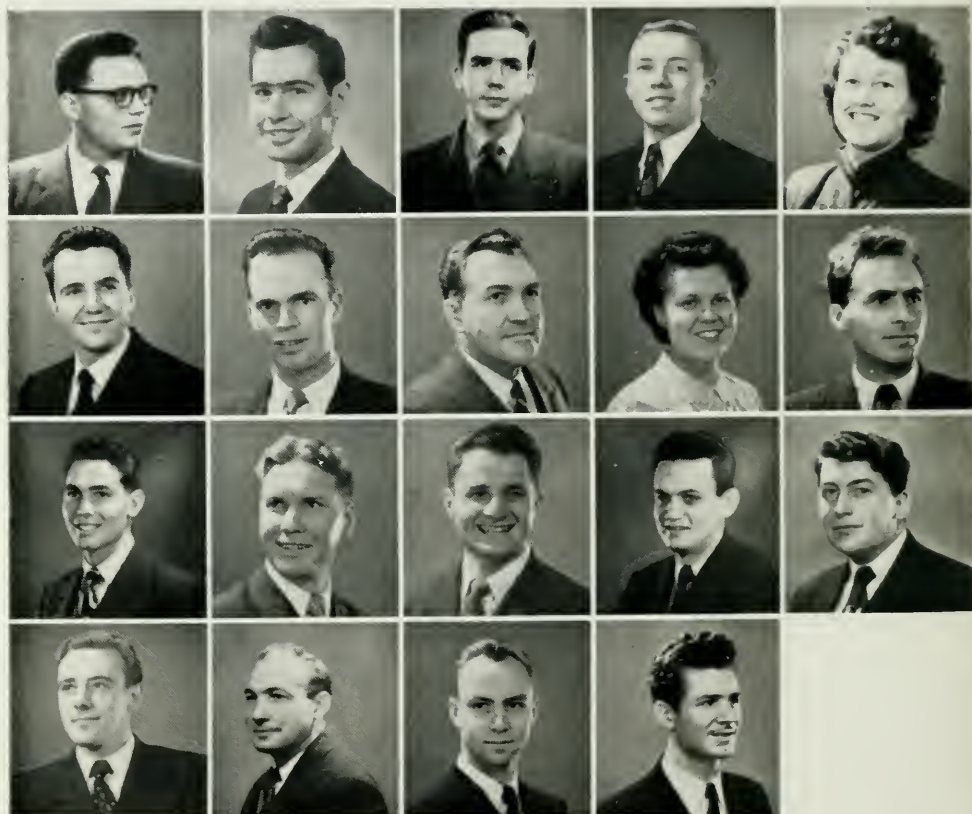
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Mesa, Arizona.

**JERRY D. WELLS**  
Hanksville, Utah.

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And now, if your joy will be great with one soul . . .

## Newcastle



**RULON R. ADAMS**  
Oakley, Idaho.

**JAMES D. BENCH**  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

**LORENE CHENEY**  
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**DAVID D. BARCLAY**  
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Cowley, Wyoming.

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Woods Cross, Utah.

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**DOYLE K. MORGAN**  
Ovid, Idaho.

**GEORGE R. PARKER**  
Hooper, Utah.

**GORDON ELL SLOAN**  
Cardston, Alberta, Canada.

**THOMAS V. THOMAS**  
Boise, Idaho.

**BOYD K. STOREY**  
Eden, Utah.

**DONALD L. WATERWORTH**  
Salt Lake City, Utah.



that you have brought unto me into the kingdom of my Father,

## Norwich

**GRANT W. ANDERSON**  
Pleasant Grove, Utah.

**FLOYD L. BARFUSS**  
Tremonton, Utah.

**JAY C. BENNETT**  
Syracuse, Utah.

**ROBERT A. HAGUE**  
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Bountiful, Utah.

**W. RUSSELL PALFREYMAN**  
Springville, Utah.

**MERRILL SNOW**  
Teasdale, Utah.

**OSCAR WAYNE THORNOCK**  
Boise, Idaho.



## Nottingham



**RONALD J. ALLAN**  
Springville, Utah.

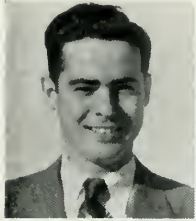


**MARSHALL BURTON**  
Salt Lake City, Utah.



**LU DENE B. CAMPBELL**  
Emmett, Idaho.





**IVAN L. CARBINE**  
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**J. HOLLIS CORDINGLEY**  
Ashton, Idaho.



**HOWARD J. CHRISTENSEN**  
Salem, Utah.



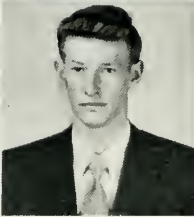
**CLYDE K. CUMMINGS**  
Salt Lake City, Utah.



**HOWARD DRANSFIELD**  
Ogden, Utah.



**HAROLD JONES**  
Kemmerer, Wyoming.



**LEONARD RAY HUFF**  
Spanish Fork, Utah.



**ORDEN DEE LOWDER**  
Caldwell, Idaho.

**LEONARD C. MacKAY**  
Provo, Utah.

**LLOYD P. OLDHAM**  
Sacramento, California.

**KENNETH L. NOALL**  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

**LYDIA OLDHAM**  
Sacramento, California.

**DERWIN J. ORGILL**  
Draper, Utah.

**JAMES K. SEASTRAND**  
American Fork, Utah.

**GRANT H. PILLING**  
Leavitt, Alberta, Canada.

**THOMAS YOUNG**  
Salt Lake City, Utah.



if you should bring many souls unto me !

## Scotland



**KENNETH H. ANDERSON**  
Logan, Utah.

**CHARLES D. ATKINSON**  
Murray, Utah.

**SARA-BETH BARNES**  
Sacramento, Calif.



**VIRGINIA BOOTH**  
Provo, Utah.

**DAVID R. CAMPBELL**  
Rupert, Idaho.

**LOUISE COOK**  
Salt Lake City, Utah.



**CLIFFORD N. CUTLER**  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

**HYRUM C. DALGLEISH**  
Oshawa, Ontario, Canada.

**WARREN B. DAVIS**  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

**MORRIS R. GRAVES**  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

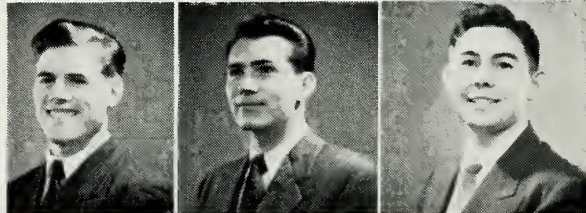
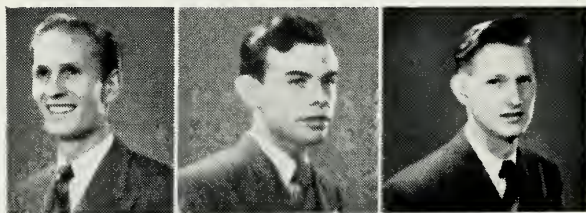
**DONALD S. GRAY**  
Hawthorne, Calif.

**JOB F. MEASON**  
Spanish Fork, Utah.

**EARL R. PRETE**  
St. Brieux, Sask., Canada.

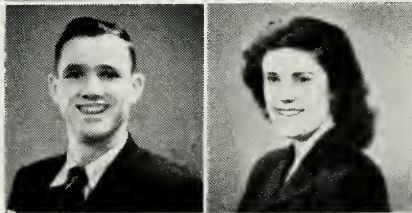
**DAVID B. TIMMINS**  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

**K. MARSEL TINGEY**  
Springville, Utah.



**GRANT D. WINWARD**  
Riverton, Utah.

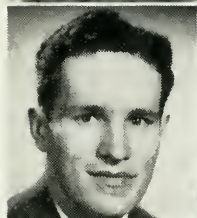
**ESSIE WRIGHT**  
Peterborough, Ontario, Canada.



Behold, you have my gospel before you,



# Sheffield



**ROGER LEE BOWN**  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

**THOMAS W. BRAMMER**  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

**GORDON O. CONDIE**  
Richfield, Utah.

**JOHN R. HULME**  
Manti, Utah.

**GENE CONDIE**  
Richfield, Utah.

**FREDERICK HEYWOOD**  
San Jose, California.

**VERNON Y. JENSEN**  
Blackfoot, Idaho.

**JERRY J. ROSE**  
Snowville, Utah.

**ROBERT VAL THURSTON**  
Provo, Utah.

**CHESLEY N. PIERSON**  
Owendale, Alberta, Canada.

**SHELDON C. SCHOFIELD**  
Spring City, Utah.

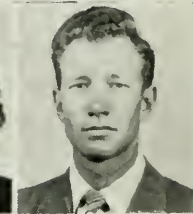
**GLEN W. WELLING**  
Fielding, Utah.



# Wales

**BERNICE BULLOCK**  
Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada.

**RICHARD FARRAWAY**  
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.



**HEBER PAUL HANCOCK**  
Ogden, Utah.

**WILLIAM D. KOPLIN**  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

**KYLE S. RANSOM**  
Lewiston, Utah.

**REGENT JOHN HOWARD**  
Los Angeles, California.

**MARGARET LOOSLE**  
Logan, Utah.





**DONALD REIMANN**  
Salt Lake City, Utah.



**CHARLES L. WELLING**  
Cowley, Wyoming.



**ROBERT M. WILCOX**  
Santa Monica, California.



**DEAN H. SEELY**  
St. Anthony, Idaho.

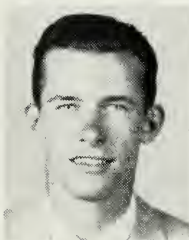


**DON K. WHATCOTT**  
Provo, Utah.

## Recently Assigned



**JUNE ELIZABETH BARLOW**  
Bountiful, Utah.



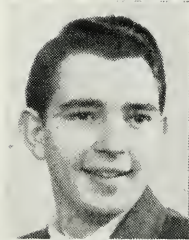
**JAY W. BURT**  
Salt Lake City, Utah.



**PAUL S. ASHDOWN**  
Los Angeles, California.



**RULON LITCHFIELD**  
Raymond, Alberta, Canada.



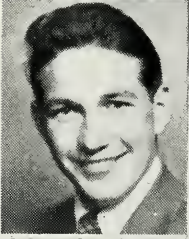
**DARRELL F. SMITH**  
Salt Lake City, Utah.



**ARNOLD J. DANCE**  
Blackfoot, Idaho.



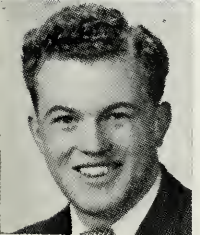
**FRANKLIN K. MEADOWS**  
Pocatello, Idaho.



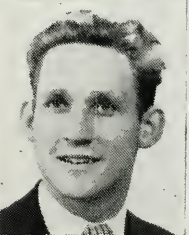
**DEAN R. STEPHENS**  
Salt Lake City, Utah.



**YVONNE M. DRAKE**  
Jerome, Idaho.



**ROLAND J. SMITH**  
Boise, Idaho.



**DEE E. WILLDEN**  
Salt Lake City, Utah.



**RETA L. MILLER**  
Taber, Alberta, Canada.



He that receiveth my  
gospel, receiveth me . .  
And this is my gospel  
repentance and bap-  
tism by water, . . .  
and then cometh the  
baptism of fire and  
the Holy Ghost, even  
the Comforter . . .

(D. & C. 39 : 5, 6.)

## Environment

I wasn't born where snow-covered fields  
Glistened in the early morning light  
Of Christmas Day. I haven't thrilled  
At speedy sleigh rides, or the sight

Of Jack Frost painted window panes,  
Or snow men standing faithful guard,  
Or pointed icicles on the roof—  
No horses pranced in my front yard.

I haven't lived where well-frozen lakes  
Tempted us all to get our skates,  
Nor seen log fires on bitter nights  
Crackling warmly in parlour grates.

No snow-ball ammunitioned wars,  
Or turkeys that we'd fed all year,  
Or trees chopped down by Dad and I  
Could make my Yuletide atmosphere.

I had the usual big-city scenes  
Supplied by local business men,  
Enjoyed their new attempts each year  
To please their customers again.

Our family came to celebrate.  
We ate more food than wise folk should.  
We gave our gifts, and called on friends,  
And knew the peace of brotherhood.

I haven't missed the countryside,  
Lovely in whitened December scenes,  
And never will. That's one small part  
Of all the things this season means.

There's only one gift I **must** have,  
And so throughout the year I pray:  
"Dear Lord, above all these other things,  
I need a family Christmas Day."

—A. E.





**A**S "Merry Christmas" is echoed in many languages throughout the world this Christmas season, we might pause to reflect on the multitude of ways in which this holiday is celebrated and the many different customs attendant thereto, for they are as many and varied as the tongues in which "Merry Christmas" is spoken. Perhaps among the most interesting are the food customs, for Christmas has come to mean a family and feast day.

Christmas will be a festive occasion in England this year because the rationing of many foods has been lifted and a greater variety of luxuries are available at the shops. Father Christmas will be making his usual visits to the children and leaving his bounteous supply of toys and gifts. Homes will be gaily decorated in bright colours, providing the festive atmosphere for this gay day. Mother will have made the traditional Christmas puddings and the lovely Christmas fruit cake so beautifully decorated with thick marzipan and lovely white icing, a traditional Christmas scene atop, and coloured ruffled crepe paper around the sides. Perhaps it will be roast chicken, goose, turkey or rabbit or a luscious beef joint that will provide the basis of the Christmas dinner, with all the trimmings. Pretty little cakes, tarts and pies will also have been on Mother's baking schedule for days before Christmas.

Perhaps we might cross the Channel to visit our French neighbours. Here in this land, Christmas is not the family feast day that it is with some other countries. The great fete-day here when all of the members of the

By EVA COLLARD

★

family meet and presents and greetings are exchanged is New Year's Day. New Year's Day is the grown-up feast, but Christmas is kept especially for the children who look for the "Petit Noel," the Christ Child, to come down the chimney and fill their shoes with gifts.

The Puchero Olla, the national dish for dinner in Spain, must have a few extra ingredients added on the occasion of the Yuletide. The usual combination of chickens, capons, bacon, mutton, beef, pig's feet, lard, garlic and everything else the larder affords is quite insufficient to be boiled together on this occasion. However, here if one has no feast of his own, he may secure a Christmas dinner on the streets where men are ready to cook for him over their braseros of charcoal, and vendors are nearby to offer preserved fruits, the famous almond rock, almond soup, truffled turkey, or the most desirable of the season's delicacies—sea-bream which is eaten at Christmas in accordance with the old-time custom. Nuts of all kinds are in abundance. Rich layer-cakes of preserves having almond icings with fruits and liquor-filled ornaments of sugar on top, are frequently sent from friend to friend for dinner.

Christmas comes in Australia during the hottest season of the year. The dinner is served at noon, and for this occasion there has been a great slaughtering of pigs and chickens and baking of cakes and making puddings. Ice cream plum pudding is coming

into note as a popular dessert. For many of the people the remainder of the day is spent at beaches with an appetising picnic supper out-of-doors.

Let us journey into the Hawaiian Islands, one of the beauty spots of the earth, where the Christmas dinner is eaten out-of-doors in the shade of the veranda. The Hawaiian feast is called the Luau, and the main part of the meal is roast pork. The outstanding food of the Hawaiian people is poi, made from water and ground up taro plant which grows in the ground and which resembles a large turnip in size.

The Mexican dinner is a work of culinary art, and the mother who has gathered her family and special friends about her table will have spent much thought upon it. Fascinating dishes appear on the table. One of these is the Ensalada de la Nocha Buena. It consists of a mixture of many fruits and vegetables and is garnished with gay-coloured candies. Roast turkey is served with tortillas and fried peppers. Chocolate, coffee and champagne are served with this elaborate meal.

In the United States, many foods are traditional of Christmas-time in the various sections of this vast land. Turkey, chicken or some other fowl with bread stuffing may provide the central theme of the dinner, or perhaps it will be ham baked with juicy pineapple or roasted pork served with apple sauce. Cranberry sauce is a must, as are the lovely fruit salads, candied yams and sweet potatoes. Mince pies and Mother's home-made fruit cake top off the meal in regal style. Home-made candies and commercial choco-

lates and sweets are also there in abundance.

And so we find, in travelling into the different countries of the world, that Christmas eating customs, though different, are pretty much alike after all—an abundance of food, delicacies galore, and certainly a drain on the family pocketbook. It behoves all of us to stock our larder well with bicarbonate of soda for the after-effects.



Aptly the poet has said:  
" 'Twas the night after Christmas, and  
all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a  
mouse;  
The kids in their trundle beds, crying  
with pain . . .  
The sad tale of eating too much, once  
again!"

---

Many of the hearts that throbbed so gaily then, have ceased to beat; many of the looks that shone so brightly then, have ceased to glow; the hands we grasped, have grown cold; the eyes we sought, have hid their luster in the grave; and yet the old house, the room, the merry voices and smiling faces, the jests, the laugh, the most minute and trivial circumstance connected with those happy meetings, crowd upon our mind at each recurrence of the season, as if the last assemblage had been but yesterday. Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days, recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth, and transport the traveller back to his own fireside and quiet home!

—Charles Dickens.



## Children's Page

By IDA MOCKLI

### Signs of Christmas

You'll know it is December by the light in people's eyes.  
You'll know the year is mostly gone cause everyone looks wise.  
They're thinking of the presents that are hidden here and there.  
They're thinking of the happiness that everyone can share.  
They're thinking most of others, of their loved ones far and near;  
And everyone is gladder than he's been throughout the year.

### The First Gift

PETER was fixing some bread and jam and a glass of warm milk on a table near the hearth when his mother came into the room. She could see how very excited he was. After all, it was Christmas eve, and in the morning there would be many new gifts for him from Father Christmas.

"Father Christmas has so much work to do," Peter said looking at his mother. "that I knew he would be very tired and hungry by the time he got here."

Peter's mother smiled slightly, but he could tell she was thinking about something very important. Then she asked, "Who do you love more than



anyone else, Peter?"

Peter didn't even have to think twice. "Why you, of course."

"Why?"

Peter was quiet for a minute before he answered this time. "Because of all the good things you have given me," he said finally. "I don't mean just sweets, and toys, and new clothes . . . I mean other things." He thought of the sound of his mother's voice, the way she smiled, the love she always gave him. It was hard to say, but those were the things he prized most highly—way above anything else.

Peter's mother was proud of him and she knew what he was thinking, but there was someone else she wanted him to remember and love too—particularly at Christmas.

"You know, Peter," she said, "there is someone who loves us all even more than we love each other. Can you guess who that is?"

Peter wasn't sure. "Daddy?"

"Daddy loves us both very much, but this person loves us even more," his mother answered. He loves us so much that He gave His Son as a gift to the world."

Peter didn't understand, and so he sat down on the hearth stool while his mother told him all about how this little boy was born in a stable in a place called Bethlehem many, many

years ago, and how there was an extra special star which appeared in the sky that night to lead some shepherds and some wise men to His birthplace.

"I remember," Peter said suddenly. "Angels appeared and sang songs that night, didn't they? And everyone was so very happy."

"That's right," his mother said smiling. "Do you know why?"

"'Cause the little baby was their king."

"Uh-huh. He was the promised Saviour of the world—the Son of God who gave Him to us so that we might have happiness," his mother continued.

Peter remembered everything now. "I guess I forgot because I was excited," he explained.

That night as Peter knelt to pray, he said, "And Father, I thank Thee for the greatest gift of all—your Son, Jesus."

So when Christmas comes this year, let's not forget in all the excitement to kneel, as Peter did, and thank our Heavenly Father for all His many gifts to us, but particularly for this special one.

For if he hadn't given us His Son, the baby Jesus, there would be no Christmas at all.

Better than all the Christmas gifts  
Any of us can know  
Is the gift of Jesus to the world  
Many, many years ago.

## A FAMILY CHRISTMAS

—continued from page 335

very very tiniest piece of Christmas cake. Mama wonders why on earth she spent all that time making things, but afterwards thinks that she won't have to do much cooking for several days now with so much on hand.

High Jinks are the order for the rest of the day until the tiniest must be washed and tucked in bed, only consenting to go if he can take his nicest present with him. The games quiet down, we all gather around the piano linking arms as Mama plays carol

after carol while we lustily sing: "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," The Holly and the Ivy," God Rest ye Merry Gentlemen." Then in a quieter vein, the carol the children love because it impresses upon their little minds the story of Christmas better than any other—"Silent Night."

And Papa gets a little husky in his singing and Mama fumbles slightly on the notes as the clear, young voices pipe up "round yon Virgin, Mother and Child, Holy Infant so tender and mild, sleep in Heavenly peace—SLEEP IN HEAVENLY PEACE."

## The Christmas Star

By S. W. DYSON

★

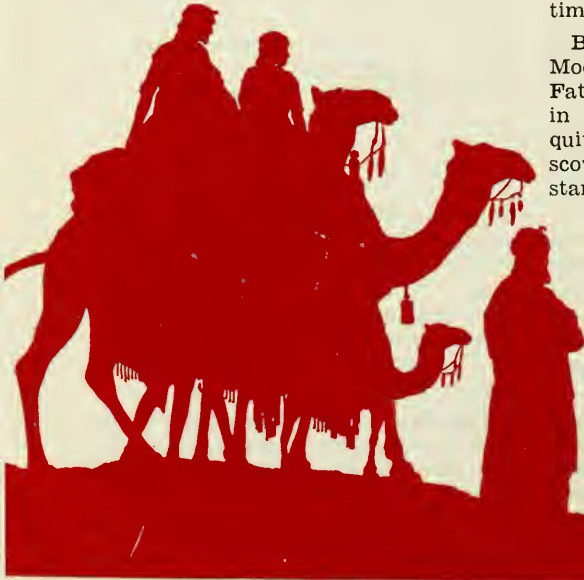
ONCE upon a time, far, far away in the heavens lived a tiny star. He was part of a large family of stars and each one had a job to do. This little star was supposed to help sailors find their way across the seas. Now it's not an easy thing to shine brightly all night long. The little star often got tired and sometimes wished that he could play instead of standing there in the dark sky. So one day, he decided to hide sometime when Mother Moon called him to duty. Once she had set, he thought, I'll be free to wander around and play just as I please. This seemed like such a fine idea, he did it that very night. He hid in the depths of a fleecy cloud until Mother Moon had sailed along her way, then he came out of hiding and skipped from place to place, twinkling at all his friends and at all the new things he could see.

Down on the ocean, in the darkness, a weary sailor looking for his star to guide him safely home. "Where is it?" he asked sadly. He strained his tired

eyes to find it until finally he saw it twinkling up in the dark sky. "Strange. I didn't think it would be there! I must be off course." So he reset his course and pointed the prow of his ship toward the naughty little star. He didn't know that the star was still skipping along in quite the wrong direction and leading the ship into terrible danger—straight for some sharp rocks!

The other stars saw what was happening and called to the little star with all their might, but he didn't listen. So, as the ship drove quickly toward the rocks, the stars in desperation called the moon. Mother Moon heard their cries and was so worried about the people in the ship that she rolled back up into the sky and shone as brightly as she could. Down on the ship, the weary helmsman saw the line of foam on the fierce rocks and swung the ship around out of danger just in time.

Because of this incident, Mother Moon was two hours late setting, and Father Sun came up to find her still in the sky—a terrible thing! He got quite red in the face about it and scowled all day. Of course, the little star was in trouble with everyone. He was called before the Family Council . . . and cast out. That's the worse thing that can happen to a star. He fell from his place and dropped quickly through the sky. Down on the earth the people said, "Look at the shooting star!" Finally when he stopped, he was quite near the earth, and he glowed so dimly and sadly there that no one noticed him.



Now one night as the little star hung miserably in the sky, he saw three men far below him crossing a vast desert. They looked so sad and miserable that he came a little nearer to hear what they were saying.

"How can we find the mother and child?" one asked. "We can't see the stars because they are hidden by the clouds. I'm afraid we're lost."

"Brethren," said another sadly, "we will not be there with our gifts in time."

These remarks puzzled the little star. He didn't understand, but when he looked around, he saw far away in a tiny stable a beautiful lady and child and decided they were the ones the three men wanted to find. He decided to help them, and so he did a very brave thing—he dropped down below the clouds which is a very dangerous thing for a star to do. Then he tried to shine. He polished himself all over and shone and shone and shone.

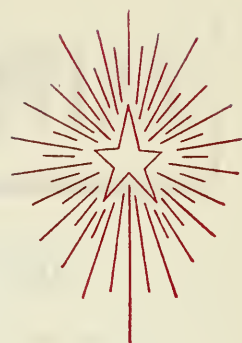
Far below him the three travellers looked up and said, "Look! A Star. We

will follow it. Surely it will lead us to the place."

The little star led them on their way, across the desert toward the stable where the baby lay. He got terribly tired shining, but he kept on and on until at last, he stopped just above the stable. When the travellers carried their gifts into the babe, the weary star sighed with relief. He turned to find a resting place, and there, watching him with love, were all his brothers and sisters and his mother, the Moon. They told him what he had done. They told him that down in the stable below was the baby Christ and his mother, Mary.

And do you know, he was the proudest and happiest star you ever saw.

THE END.



## Christmas Contest Winners

As always, it is a great pleasure for the judges of the **Millennial Star's** 1950 Christmas Poem and Story Contest to announce their decisions. The first prize in the Poem Contest goes to **Gladys Quayle** of Sunderland, second prize to **Andrew F. V. Demaine** of London, and third to **Leslie H. C. Coleby** of **Lowestoft**.

The story which won first place in the Story Contest is printed above and was written by **S. W. Dyson** of Lowestoft. Second place in this division was awarded to **Muriel Joy Fearnley** of Bradford, and third to **Elsie Scott** of Preston. The prizes announced in the August issue have been mailed to these winners.

The **Millennial Star** extends congratulations to these successful contest entrants and sincere thanks to all those who participated. May you all enjoy the very merriest of Christmases!



# BRITISH MISSION

## *Arrivals and Assignments*

The following missionaries arrived in the British Mission:

Name.	Home.	Assignment (District)
October 30th.		
Sister Lois G. Hess	Smithfield, Utah	Sheffield
Elder James L. Aitken	Roosevelt, Utah	Scottish
Elder Lloyd H. Martin	Oakley, Idaho	Bristol
Sister Martha J. Martin	Oakley, Idaho	Bristol
Elder Scott H. Partridge, Jr.	Portland, Oregon	Leeds
Elder Ross L. Hunsaker	Salt Lake City, Utah	Newcastle
Elder William H. Crandall	Glendale, California	Newcastle
Elder William E. Dibble	Glendale, California	Liverpool
Elder Howard L. Rogers	Logan, Utah	Norwich
Elder Martin G. Reeder	Logan, Utah	Irish
Elder Geoffrey L. S. Spencer	Magrath, Alberta, Canada	Newcastle
Elder Joseph C. Smith	Vancouver, B.C., Canada	Manchester
November 11th.		
Sister Jane Thompson	Los Angeles, California	Welsh
Elder Michael M. Austin	Afton, Wyoming	Welsh

## *Appointments and Transfers*

The following district transfers of missionaries have recently occurred:

Name.	To	From	Date
Elder Clyde K. Cummings	Birmingham	Nottingham	November 1st
Elder Robert Hamric	Nottingham	Birmingham	November 1st
Sister Veloy Lewis	Sheffield	Newcastle	November 1st
Sister Yvonne Drake	Birmingham	London	November 1st
Sister Agnes Fraser	Newcastle	Birmingham	November 1st
Sister Bernice Bullock	Bristol	Welsh	November 14th
Sister June Barlow	Bristol	London Office	November 14th
Elder Valton E. Jackson*	Welsh	Norwich	November 18th

\* Appointed District President of Welsh District.

Elder W. Russell Palfreyman was appointed District President of the Norwich District, November 16th. Elder Glen W. Vance was appointed District President of the Manchester District, November 16th.

## *Releases*

The following were released as missionaries of the British Mission:

Name.	Districts.
October 28th.	
<b>Elder Melvin M. Fillerup</b>	Irish*
November 1st.	
<b>Elder David G. Kurr.</b>	Sheffield, Nottingham
November 7th.	
<b>Elder Keith B. Romney</b>	Leeds, London
<b>Elder Norman G. Ainscough</b>	Hull
<b>Elder George C. Scott</b>	Irish
<b>Elder Wayne M. Webster</b>	Hull
<b>Elder Richard D. Sagers</b>	Irish
<b>Elder Dec Willden</b>	Scottish, Norwich
<b>Elder Joseph W. Brooks</b>	Birmingham
November 16th.	
<b>Elder and Sister Miles H. Johnson</b>	Liverpool, Bristol, Newcastle
<b>Elder Justin B. Green</b>	Liverpool
<b>Elder Jerry D. Wells</b>	Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Newcastle

\* District President.

## *Personals*

### BAPTISMS

Name.	Baptised by	Confirmed by
<b>LEEDS</b>		
October 20th		
<b>John Penkethman of Bradford</b>	Elder E. E. Edwards	Elder D. Luddington
October 28th		
<b>Archie Marsden of Dewsbury</b>	Elder B. E. Tew, Jr.	Elder T. L. Swainston
<b>Kathleen H. Bruce of Huddersfield</b>	Elder B. E. Tew, Jr.	Elder D. D. Lee
<b>Dorothy J. Thompson of Leeds</b>	Elder E. E. Edwards	Elder R. H. Wood
<b>Dorothy E. Holdsworth of Bradford</b>	Elder E. E. Edwards	Elder E. S. Jones
<b>Keith P. Fawbett of Bradford</b>	Elder E. E. Edwards	Elder R. McFarland
November 4th		
<b>Jacqueline Addy of Huddersfield</b>	Elder D. D. Lee	Elder B. E. Tew, Jr.
<b>LONDON</b>		
October 14th		
<b>Paul Tatton of Luton</b>	Elder Dean Carroll	Elder E. Southwick
<b>Celia Grace Ballard Smith of Luton</b>	Elder Dean Carroll	Elder S. D. Astle
<b>Ernst F. H. Wendlant of Brighton</b>	Elder Viri R. Nuttall	Elder R. L. Smith
October 29th		
<b>James Fellows of South London</b>	Elder E. D. Roberts	Elder R. C. Robertson
November 11th		
<b>Stanley Leonard West of Gravesend</b>	Elder C. F. McGuire	Elder C. F. McGuire
<b>Edna Mable Howe West of Gravesend</b>	Elder C. F. McGuire	V. L. Palmer
<b>Kathleen L. S. Weston of Oxford</b>	Elder S. D. Astle	Elder S. D. Astle
<b>Roger A. Greenwood of South London</b>	Elder J. E. Ashton	Elder J. N. Udall
<b>Arthur C. Watson of Southampton</b>	Elder J. E. Ashton	Elder H. Wilkinson
<b>Florence J. M. Watson of South'pton</b>	Elder J. E. Ashton	Elder J. E. Ashton
November 21st		
<b>Leonard Payne of Brighton</b>	Elder R. L. Smith	Elder J. N. Udall
<b>Robert Henry French of Brighton</b>	Elder P. M. Gillies	Elder S. Richards

Joan M. W. French of Brighton	Elder P. M. Gillies	Elder J. N. Udall
Alfred S. Williamson of Brighton	Elder P. M. Gillies	Elder J. K. Lawrence
Madeleine P. B. Williamson of Brighton	Elder R. L. Smith	W. Mitchell
Edward Stephen Murtagh of Brighton	K. A. Day	Elder J. K. Lawrence
Ruby E. M. G. Murtagh of Brighton	Elder R. L. Smith	Elder W. Mitchell
Dennis Edward Murtagh of Brighton	Brother K. A. Day	Elder R. L. Smith
Irene J. Murtagh of Brighton	Elder P. M. Gillies	Elder R. L. Smith
Fernand G. Kusters of Brighton	Elder R. L. Smith	Elder P. M. Gillies
Albert E. Mellish of Brighton	K. A. Day	Elder S. Richards

#### MANCHESTER

Mary Joyce J. Giles of Oldham	Elder G. Brantzeg	Elder G. Vance
William Giles of Oldham	Elder J. V. Miller	Elder G. Vance
John Brown of Stockport	Elder G. Brantzeg	Elder J. M. Grow
Jean Etchells of Ashton	Elder S. C. Mann	Elder R. R. Dewsnup
Clara Thorpe Entwistle of Ashton	Elder S. C. Mann	Elder R. R. Dewsnup

#### NEWCASTLE

October 21st		
Georgina Hibbs Williamson	Elder B. O. McGuire	Elder E. W. Hunter
Mary Frances Williamson	Elder B. O. McGuire	Elder D. Waterworth
Pauline Ann Thom	Elder G. R. Parker	Elder B. K. Storey
November 1st		
Patriek Rourke	Elder B. K. Storey	Elder T. V. Thomas
Margaret McDermott	Elder E. W. Hunter	Elder J. D. Bench

#### NOTTINGHAM

November 19th		
Edward L. Cooper of Nottingham	Elder L. P. Oldham	Elder J. K. Seastrand
Stanley N. Hooper of Nottingham	Elder L. P. Oldham	Elder L. Campbell
Ann P. Larkham of Nottingham	Elder L. P. Oldham	Samuel Hawson

#### SCOTLAND

October 8th		
Leonard W. Warren of Airdrie	Elder K. Anderson	Elder M. Tingey
Alfred J. Abrahamson of Airdrie	Elder M. Tingey	Elder K. Anderson

#### WALES

Cecilia Edwards of Cardiff	Elder C. L. Welling	Elder W. Thornton
Bernard Edger Robst of Cardiff	Elder C. L. Welling	Elder R. H. Wilcox
Edith Emily Robst of Cardiff	Elder C. L. Welling	Elder R. H. Wilcox
Bernard Edger Robst, Jr., of Cardiff	Elder C. L. Welling	Elder H. P. Hancock
Anthony Reginald Robst of Cardiff	Elder C. L. Welling	Elder T. R. Jenkins
Patricia Anne Doidge of Cardiff	Elder W. Thornton	Elder C. L. Welling
Lewis James P. Morris of Bridgend	Elder R. J. Howard	Elder H. P. Hancock
Betty Josephine Morris of Bridgend	Elder R. J. Howard	Elder W. Thornton
Vivian Thomas of Bridgend	Elder C. L. Welling	Elder H. P. Hancock
Jaek H. Watkins of Merthyr Tyd.	Elder D. R. Reimann	Elder W. Thornton
Lilian Ester Watkins of Merthyr Tyd.	Elder D. R. Reimann	Elder D. K. Whatcott
Hugh Thomas Watkins of Merthyr Tyd.	Elder D. R. Reimann	Elder R. J. Howard
Elizabeth M. Watkins of Merthyr Tyd.	Elder D. R. Reimann	Elder K. S. Ransom

#### BLESSINGS

Name.	Date.	By Whom.
Lynne Karen Edwards of Shildon	November 13th	Elder B. K. Storey
Barbara Anne Blakeburn of S. Shields	October 22nd	Ralph Blakeburn
Dennis F. J. Buckingham of Bristol	October 28th	Dennis F. Collins
Richard T. Scrivener of S. London	November 5th	Elder M. C. Nalder
Dawn Irene Lazenby of S. London	November 5th	Elder M. C. Nalder



## EMIGRATIONS

Name.	Destination.	Date of Departure.
Joan Hodge of Bristol	Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada.	October 4th
Monica & Cedric Armstrong of Weston-super-Mare	Salt Lake City, Utah.	November 1st
Mr. & Mrs. Dennis F. Collins and family of Bristol	Provo, Utah.	November 1st
Mr. & Mrs. Albert Buckley and family of Huddersfield	Salt Lake City, Utah.	November 9th



## CHRISTMAS CAROLS

—continued from page 331

lullabies, such as "Lullaby, Thou Little Tiny Child," which came from one of the Christian Mystery Plays; and the international favourite, "Silent Night." There, also, are carols of the Annunciation of which "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing" and "Joy to the World" are well known examples. Then, of course, there are carols of the Shepherds, such as "The First Nowell" and "Shepherds, Shake off your Drowsy Sleep;" and then the carols of the Three Kings, "We Three Kings of Orient Are" and "The Three Kings," the first being of American origin and the second of French origin. Finally in these groups of carols concerned with the birth and life of the Saviour, we have the carols of Adoration, of which "O Come, all ye Faithful" is possibly the greatest. The music for "O Come, all ye Faithful" stems back to the pagan festivals of the earliest centuries; but the text, as we have it now, has been written to glorify the life and mission of the Saviour.

In addition to the religious carols, which are the result of the influence of the church, we have many carols of Yuletide festivity. These are secular in character and undoubtedly come to us, largely, from pagan sources. Here are the titles of a few: "So, now is come our Joyfullest Feast," "Deck the Hall," "The Holly and the Ivy," "O Tannenbaum" (the holly, the ivy, and the evergreen are symbolic of festival customs), "The Twelve Days of Christmas."

How certain carols have a place in our Christmas celebrations, no one seems to know, as for example "The Wassailers' Carol," which came from the custom at feasts of toasting the health of everyone while drinking from the Wassail Bowl, also "The Boar's Head Carol," the story of which concerns a young Queen's College, Oxford, student, who, while studying Aristotle in the woods, was rushed by a wild boar. He thrust the Aristotle scroll which he was reading down the boar's throat and killed it. Later his fellow students served the boar's head at a festival in thanksgiving for his escape. Now the boar's head is always served at the Christmas celebrations of the college, and the carol which was inspired by the incident is sung as a part of the ceremony.

One commentator has this to say concerning the literary value of carols: "In literary value the carols range from gems of religious inspiration to joggling tavern ditties. In some subjects they are over-bound to the Biblical material; in others they show vivid imagination and tender feeling." The music of the older carols is quaint and in the main lovely. Most carols are anonymous. In one collection of one hundred and fourteen carols, only thirty have authors and composers attached.

But today in our singing of carols we think little of their origin because of the exuberance of joy we receive from their inherent or implied spirit of good will and "Peace on Earth."

## "AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"

—continued from page 329

returned to the flock, carrying the lamb gently in his arms. It was almost too big for him to handle, and he was breathing heavily when finally he came up to the fire which the older shepherds had lit to take the chill off the evening air. Rosh put the lamb down and warmed himself over the dancing flames.

"Where've you been?" one of the men asked not unkindly. "Old Simon has been lookin' all over for you. He was sure mad last time I saw him."

"A lamb got lost," Rosh replied. "I had to go find it."

"It's hurt," one of the others observed. "He won't like that none."

"It got stuck in some rocks. I had an awful time getting it out," Rosh answered. "I don't think it's hurt bad."

"I hope not," the first said. "Here comes Old Simon now itchin' to hear your excuse for leaving the flock for so long untended."

Rosh saw a man coming down the opposite hillside, and so he stooped, picked up the lamb, and started out to meet him. The lamb bleated softly in his arms as he walked.

It sounded almost as if it were crying.

★ ★ ★

It was late when Marcus rode out to his quarters in Bethlehem. Behind him in Jerusalem the city was thronged

with people, some laughing, dancing, and drinking in the streets while others wearily sought places to stay. It seemed strange to him that he had no wish to join in with the merrymakers. In Rome he was always in the centre of the greatest activity wherever it was found.

He rode into the courtyard of the inn, dismounted, and looked around. The building was ablaze with light, and the other men lodging there were inside laughing loudly and drinking heavily. Over in one corner of the yard, a small group of people were standing, but it was too dark to tell who they were.

"Ho, boy!"

The inn door slammed as the boy rushed out, and in the passing light of the flaming torch he carried, Marcus saw for a moment the Jewess and her husband talking with the innkeeper. Marcus gave the reins to the boy, ignoring his murmured apologies, then stood in the shadow of the inn listening.

"But I tell you, there is nothing," the innkeeper was saying. "Every available room is taken by the Romans whom I have the honour of keeping in my inn, unworthy though I am."

Another man's voice said something which Marcus could not understand, and the innkeeper replied, "I'm sorry. I can see your wife's time is short, but what would you have me do? I cannot throw any of my guests out into the night."

The man turned, and wearily began to lead the donkey out of the yard. He didn't know why, but suddenly Marcus said, "They can have my stable," and frightened the poor innkeeper who had not expected such a loud voice in such a dark place. "It's clean," he continued as he walked towards the group, "and will at least offer you shelter."

"But your horse," the innkeeper said. "And the rest of the animals? What about them?"

"My horse can go in the main stable with the others for once," Marcus answered. "As for the rest of the ani-



mals, I don't believe they'll cause you much trouble," he said speaking to the Jewess.

"You're very kind," she replied quietly and smiling. Then suddenly she called, "Joseph!" and her face twisted again with pain.

"See that she has whatever she needs," Marcus ordered as he strode across the yard and into the noisy inn where neither the men's singing or the silence of the room when they had gone to bed could erase the sound of her voice saying over and over again: "You're very kind . . . you're very kind . . . you're very kind . . ."

And as he sat in front of a dying fire far into the night, he realised that no one had ever said those words to him before.

\* \* \*

It was seldom that Rosh cried, but the events of the day, topped by the mental and physical agony of the unjust beating Old Simon had given him, had been too much for his young years to accept without some kind of protest. But even with such good reasons, his youthful pride demanded that he go where nobody could hear him before he shed the tears which seemed to dull the pain of the great welts on his back and calm the conflicting emotions of the day. And now, feeling much better, he was lying on his stomach, his head resting on his hands, his eyes closed, and the cool night air soothing his hot back.

Then it happened.

Rosh became aware that it was growing lighter—far too light for it to be the moon. As he slowly rolled over and sat up, he saw a man, dressed in white standing in the air, and his voice when he spoke was deep like the Roman's but gentle and penetrating not loud and commanding. "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

Then the whole heaven lit up so bright it seemed like day, and beautiful voices filled the night with, "Glory



to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Rosh sat rubbing his eyes. His mouth hung wide open.

\* \* \*

Marcus slept very little that night, and when he did, it was a restless, fitful slumber. He awoke many times hoping to see daylight through his window, but he always found that it was still dark. His mind seemed to stay clear and active, and he kept seeing in the blackness of the room the blood-stained face and frightened eyes of a little boy and the sweet face and calm eyes of the Jewess. Once when he arose and looked out of his window, he noticed a light still burning in his stable, and although he decided it was his imagination, it seemed to him that there was a particularly brilliant star hanging almost directly above the place where the stable stood. There seemed to be an unusual stillness and serenity over the entire area that night, Marcus thought, and the small light visible from the stable looked very inviting. He felt he would like to go and feel the warmth which seemed to radiate through the night from it, but instead he continued to pace up and down his room and to wait for morning to come . . .

Rosh too waited anxiously all the rest of the night for the sun to rise. But if those hours before dawn seemed in-



terminable, the hours after were even worse. The other shepherds had agreed to hurry back to watch the flocks so that Rosh could go to the Christ child if he would watch while they went. He couldn't understand what was taking them so long. Maybe they've had trouble finding him, he thought. Maybe there's more than one child wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger. Maybe it'll be days before they get back. Maybe . . .

His active mind made the situation worse and worse.

Rosh didn't set out, however, for Jerusalem until late afternoon—and then it was without knowing where he was going. When the shepherds returned, they were far too excited to pay any attention to his constant questions, and finally he had rushed off without stopping for any answer because he decided if he waited **too** long the baby would be as big as he was before he saw it!

By nightfall he was a very tired, discouraged boy still wandering the streets of Jerusalem, still looking but without success. He was wearily walking down a dark, lonely area of the city when he heard a loud, familiar voice call out, "What are you doing there?" It frightened him; he hadn't expected it, and turning swiftly, he saw the Roman sitting high on the back of his horse and looking more menacing than ever. Rosh didn't stop for a second look, but raced as fast as his legs would go around the nearest corner and down an alley, seeking a hiding place. His heart was pounding so powerfully against his chest when he finally leaned against a wall to catch his breath after running as far as he could that he put his hand over it so that it wouldn't pound right through. He even held his breath when Marcus rode across the opening of the street well down the block from him. He waited until he felt certain that the Roman was no longer around, then sat down for a minute to rest. His eyes closed for much longer than he intended them to, and his panting was soon replaced by deep, regular breaths.

He was sound asleep when Marcus

finally found him.

★ ★ ★

It was late that night before Rosh awakened. He was lying on a comfortable bed between cool white sheets, and his back had been salved and bandaged. For a few wonderful minutes, he enjoyed the unusual luxury of his position, then threw off the covers and walked to the window. As his gaze fell on a particularly brilliant star shining right over a small building close to where he was, he gave an involuntary cry and rapidly jumped into his animal skin. He had seen a stable, and stables had mangers, and the manger might be the resting place of the Christ, and that's what he was looking for!

He stopped suddenly and flattened against the wall. Someone else was in the room. He remained perfectly still but he didn't hear any sounds of movement, and so he crept over to see who it was. He saw the Roman.

Marcus was lying on the floor asleep covered with a thin blanket, his head pillowed on his arm. Rosh looked quickly around, his frightened gaze rapidly locating the door, and rushing to it, he flung it open and raced into the hall, down the stairs, through the inn door, and out into the night. He had no conscious sense of direction, but instinctively he took the path to the stable. He tore through the opening, and when he had satisfied himself that the Roman wasn't following, he turned.

It was then he saw the man and the woman—and the child, lying in the manger . . .

Strange things flooded the boy's mind as he kneeled and watched the sleeping Christ. He was at first aware that nothing else seemed important now. He wasn't frightened; he didn't feel alone in the world; he felt like a very lucky person. He had suddenly found something which made him feel extremely rich—so rich that his greatest urge was to share the treasure he'd acquired with someone else. But there wasn't anyone else around except the Roman . . .

Then he began to remember the things he had neglected in his terrified flight. The Roman had been lying on

the floor, and Rosh was in the bed. (A prisoner wouldn't be treated better than a Roman officer.) Somebody had cared for his back. (Even if the Roman hadn't done it himself, he must have asked someone else to.) Rosh hadn't been tied up or bound in any way, and the door wasn't even locked. (I couldn't have been a prisoner!) But why did the Roman have him there? Rosh couldn't figure it out. (I was asleep on the street; I was alone . . . He was alone too . . .)

When Rosh returned to the room again, the Roman was standing in the window, silhouetted against the moonlight. A terrible sense of loneliness and bitterness had engulfed him when he found the boy gone because in a few hours Marcus had learned something else which was very important about his life. As he had carried the sleeping child home and gently doctored his lacerated back, he had learned how much he needed someone to care for, and how much even he needed someone who cared for him too. But the boy hadn't given him a chance, and Marcus had wanted it more than anything else.

He looked black and frighteningly big as Rosh burst through the door and stopped. Marcus turned slowly, and one side of his face was lighted momentarily by moonlight as he did. Although Rosh saw it for only a moment, it was hard and cruel as it had always been, and when he spoke his voice was still cold and bitter.

"What do you want now?"

Rosh had run all the way from the stable and was breathing heavily when he said, "Please. Sir . . . Won't you come? . . . There's someone . . . I'd like you to see."

Rosh put out his hand, but the soldier didn't move from where he stood. The boy walked slowly over to him. His hand was still outstretched and his young face looked up at the soldier as it had done once before, only there was no fear on it now.

"Please," the boy pleaded as he took ahold of the soldier's strong, rough hand and started for the door.

The soldier's eyes were moist as he obediently followed him out of the

room . . .

★ ★ ★

When the first signs of dawn appeared in the eastern sky, Marcus and Rosh were sitting side by side on the slope near the stable. Both had knelt by the baby's resting place—Rosh because he knew who the child was; Marcus because for some reason he couldn't understand, it seemed the proper thing to do. Now in silence they had been watching the sun rise.

Marcus was the first to speak.

"Tell me about him," he said. "Who is he?"

Rosh immediately started to say, "The Son of God," but when Marcus put his hand on Rosh's shoulder, he decided to repeat something he'd often heard in the synagogue instead: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father The Prince of Peace."

There were many other things he wanted to say, but he had only managed to finish the one before he was completely asleep, his head resting on the Roman's shoulder. Even then the last few words had been mumbled, but Marcus had understood. **The Prince of Peace.**

He pulled the boy closer to him and sat for a minute with his arm around him and his body offering a protection from the chilled morning air. Then he gently picked Rosh up, carefully trying not to irritate the boy's back. With care, he thought as he started for the inn, it will heal all right.

As he passed the stable, he thought of the other child. There were many things he didn't understand as yet, but somehow seeing that baby and kneeling by the side of a young shepherd boy who clung firmly to his hand had changed the Roman soldier. As he walked down the path, he knew the spirit of the gift to mankind born into the world that night—a spirit which was meant to govern all men when they would permit it. Marcus was happy, at peace with himself and the world.

And he was smiling.

## JESUS CHRIST, THE WORLD LEADER

—continued from page 325

of salvation, because his heart was set "upon the things of this world." (D. & C. 121: 35.) It will be seen that Jesus Christ demanded a full and complete surrender to His will. In no other way could the laws of the Kingdom become operative and effective. Half-hearted allegiance, lip service and careless living are powerless in the process of saving a human soul. Disobedience does not and cannot alter the requirements and standards for membership in God's Kingdom.

Jesus stood firmly for the programme and the doctrines He announced. He could not be moved nor influenced by popular clamour. He dared to run

counter to the traditions, customs and fashions of His generation. He could not be dominated, neither could He be swerved from the course He had outlined. Nicodemus, regardless of his social standing and his recognition as a ruler of the Jews, like all others, must comply with the laws and ordinances of the gospel. Worldly distinctions made no difference, for the dislocations in society were the results of the worldly ambitions of unscrupulous and selfish rulers who "aspired to the honours of men." This attitude reflected a type of leadership hitherto unknown. Surely, Jesus of Nazareth is the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." (John 1: 29.) He alone, among all men could say: "Follow me."



## I REMEMBER CHRISTMAS

—continued from page 333

two in its place." I suppose that Mother Nature who is so capable a sower to the wilds would have smiled at our seeding attempts. But some of those trees actually grew; and these taught us the patience of growth, and the economy of the Lord's abundance.)

It is different now. On every vacant lot Christmas trees spring up over night—all the way from seventy-five cents to five dollars—all the way from the depth of your pocket to the height of your house. But this is convenient, as we are too busy now to go the mountains. Our children do not smell of pine resin and cedar bark. And we must find some other excuse to plant the lessons of patience of growth and the economy of the Lord's abundance.

The celluloid heads are gone from the pages of the catalogues. The catalogues themselves are vanishing. The mail-order houses have moved in, as close as next door, to compete with the local department stores. They have moved in, and so have we. There

are fruit stands every few blocks, where oranges and Brazil nuts can be had the year round. We do not wedge an orange into the top of a Christmas sock any more. We juice a half-dozen and put them in glasses on the breakfast table, every morning. Shop windows bulge with Christmas wares, from Thanksgiving Day on; and Christmas lights obscure the very stars.

There is beauty in it, in a man-made way. There may be enough beauty in it that my children will look back nostalgically and long for the joys they knew—when these times are olden. They have not seemed to lack delights on Christmas. And I have been glad that they could have more and better than I.

There is still, however, the goodness of people; the thoughtfulness, the kindness, the love, that Christmas itself kindles. This does not seem to change. I hope it does not change. For we shall need it until He whose birth we celebrate shall return triumphant, and goodness will be the rule, all day, every day.



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## Christmas Thoughts Through The Years

**J**ESUS OF NAZARETH, the son of Mary, we regard as also the Son of God. Joseph Smith was His servant and authorised representative. We honour them both. But Jesus was the Christ, the incomparable One, the incarnation of Deity. Joseph was human, appointed and directed by the Saviour, and not an object of human worship. We follow him as he followed Christ, from whom he received all the doctrines, precepts, ordinances and authority that we recognise. We rejoice and are thankful for their earthly lives and the mighty work performed by each of them in his particular sphere during their short sojourn in the flesh, and Christmas is a fitting time for these celebrations. . . .

The First Presidency,

JOSEPH F. SMITH  
ANTHON H. LUND  
JOHN HENRY SMITH—1910.

Let the time-honoured Christmas Tree shed forth its light and yield the fruit of innocent enjoyment and goodly giving, for this is the season of its ripening. But fail not to ponder its impressive symbolism. Our Lord said, speaking of Himself:

I am the resurrection, and the life.

I am the light of the world.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Note the three outstanding attributes of the Saviour, each divine as He was divine: **life, light, love!**

For the Christmas Tree an evergreen is chosen; this typifies **life**.

The candles or prepared electric bulbs are manifestations of **light**.

The gifts that hang on the tree are expressive of **love**.

Elder JAMES E. TALMAGE, 1925.

We have a custom of giving gifts and in the giving of our gifts, if we could have the spirit that the angels had who visited the shepherds, our hearts would go with our gifts. It would be in the nature of a commemoration of the advent of our Saviour. But I fear that a great many of us do not even think on Christmas Day of the great event. Naturally we would expect to see this house filled with men and women desirous of worshipping God, Who gave His Firstborn and Only Begotten in the flesh to a life of sorrow and an ignominious death, that we might worship Him in spirit and truth, with clean hands and pure hearts, and manifest our appreciation of that great gift when He gave His Son and the gift which the Son gave to us, the children of our Father, when He gave Himself . . .

Elder GEORGE F. RICHARDS, 1931.

There is a joy in Christmas which is unsurpassed by any other season or event in the year. It is the joy that comes from losing self for the happiness of others. Because of this, though Christmas had no other virtue, each Yuletide should find the world a little better than the last, and men and women a little more eager to strive to make the heralded proclamation: "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

The First Presidency,

HEBER J. GRANT  
J. REUBEN CLARK, Jr.  
DAVID O. MCKAY—1936.

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## My Gift

By GLADYS QUAYLE

I cannot bring Thee costly gifts,  
As did the Wise Men three,  
Nor worship at Thy manger as  
The shepherds anciently.  
I cannot hear the angel choir  
Proclaim Thy wondrous birth—  
As joyfully they heralded  
Glad tidings to the earth.

All I can bring Thee, Saviour dear,  
On this Thy Natal Day  
Are gifts that no one else can give—  
Accept them now, I pray:  
A contrite spirit, broken heart—  
This humble soul of mine,  
A willingness to live Thy laws.  
Oh, Lord—My All is Thine.

—Winner in the  
Annual Christmas Poem Contest.